

# KING CAESAR HOUSE

Duxbury Clipper, Thursday, September 5, 1974

## POSTSCRIPTS BY Jack Post

At 10 exactly the mass of people broke through the ropes and surged into the King Caesar barn sale. Some ran across the open or into the gloom of the barn for the furniture; others swung left into the big tent, seized a piece of china or an old goblet and held them up to the light to check for markings, but quickly put them back and moved on before the person following could shove by and win some choice article further down the counter. An intense purpose moved these first comers, for they intended to find treasures worth many times the prices on the little tags. If someone halted in their path, he was pushed aside, for here life was real, life was earnest, and the whole vast collection of thousands of articles must be inspected, winnowed, and panned for the gold that was sure to reward the diligent seeker.

The ladies of the sales force, most of them safely ensconced in the narrow aisles between the double rows of high-piled tables, recoiled as the human surf broke on the barrier before them, recovered when the wave did not actually swamp them, and began to circle the tag prices to indicate sold. The buyers, each with increasing loads of loot clasped in their arms, moved down the tables until they could carry no more, then headed for the check-out at the cashiers' desks. Unfortunately, several score made the same decision at once and completely inundated the money changers with a lesser but no less importunate tidal wave than the one that had swept in at the opening of the gates. Standing in the hot sun, more than one bargain hunter began to melt, not too quietly; but soon the line started to move, and the crisis was past.

Meanwhile, business had picked up at the 50-foot long book table; and across the tent hot coffee, cold drinks and doughnuts were disappearing rapidly. Now, too, the dealers with an eye for a broken down cabinet that could soon become a cherished antique were hauling off bedsteads, sideboards, commodes, old tools; while young householders acquired shutters, lawnmowers, slightly battered porch chairs, even a snowblower. Casual readers, students and expert book collectors hovered over the thousands of volumes, something for everyone's taste, from outdated encyclopedias and writings of our presidents, through popular novels of the twenties, to textbooks and to lurid James Bond paperbacks or blue-bound Lloyd's Registers of American Yachts. Before the 2 days were over more than one-half of the assortment was sold.

Towards afternoon the tables had become so denuded that hurried

search parties were dispatched to round up more goods for the next day, and soon the pricing committee was back at work, the sales ladies busy rearranging their tables. By opening time next morning quite a respectable array met the second but far less determined rush of buyers. Toward noon, when a slight drizzle had begun to dampen enthusiasm, a sudden announcement of a general price cut shattered all restraint and sent casual observers rushing to snatch up pieces they had coveted but felt unable to afford. Within an hour almost anything portable had vanished from the tent and the barn; and at 5, an ambitious second-hand dealer had carted away the remainder, and the sale was over.

Almost before breakfast time the next morning the tent was down and the tables returned with thanks to the churches and associations that had lent them. Station wagons rolled to the dump with cartons of litter and leftovers, and by mid-morning nothing was left to show for a week of vast activity except brown patches on the lawn where hundreds of feet had shuffled. But in the Treasurer's book, the story was different, for now the painting could be completed at the Captain Gershom Bradford House, a new pipe line could be laid to give the King Caesar House adequate water, and cherished new projects could be started to bring our past closer to our present in this pleasant town of Duxbury. It had been a most successful barn sale!



In August last year, Garden Gleanings brought to the readers' attention an August-blooming shrub commonly referred to as Rose of Sharon or Althea which is a species of hibiscus. This August, we bring to the readers' attention an August-blooming perennial flower, the Marsh or Swamp Rose Mallow, which is winter hardy here and which is also referred to as an hibiscus. It is important to note that the

mallow, even though often called hibiscus, is a perennial flower not a shrub.

Even though not a shrub, it is a large plant and grows to a height of anywhere from 3 to 8 feet and has the largest flowers of any perennial, measuring from 6 to 10 inches across. The flowers resemble the bloom of a single hollyhock but are much larger as stated. Most of the flower colors of these mallows are soft with shades of rose and pink predominating but there are also white mallows. The showy flowers are well complemented by the leaves.